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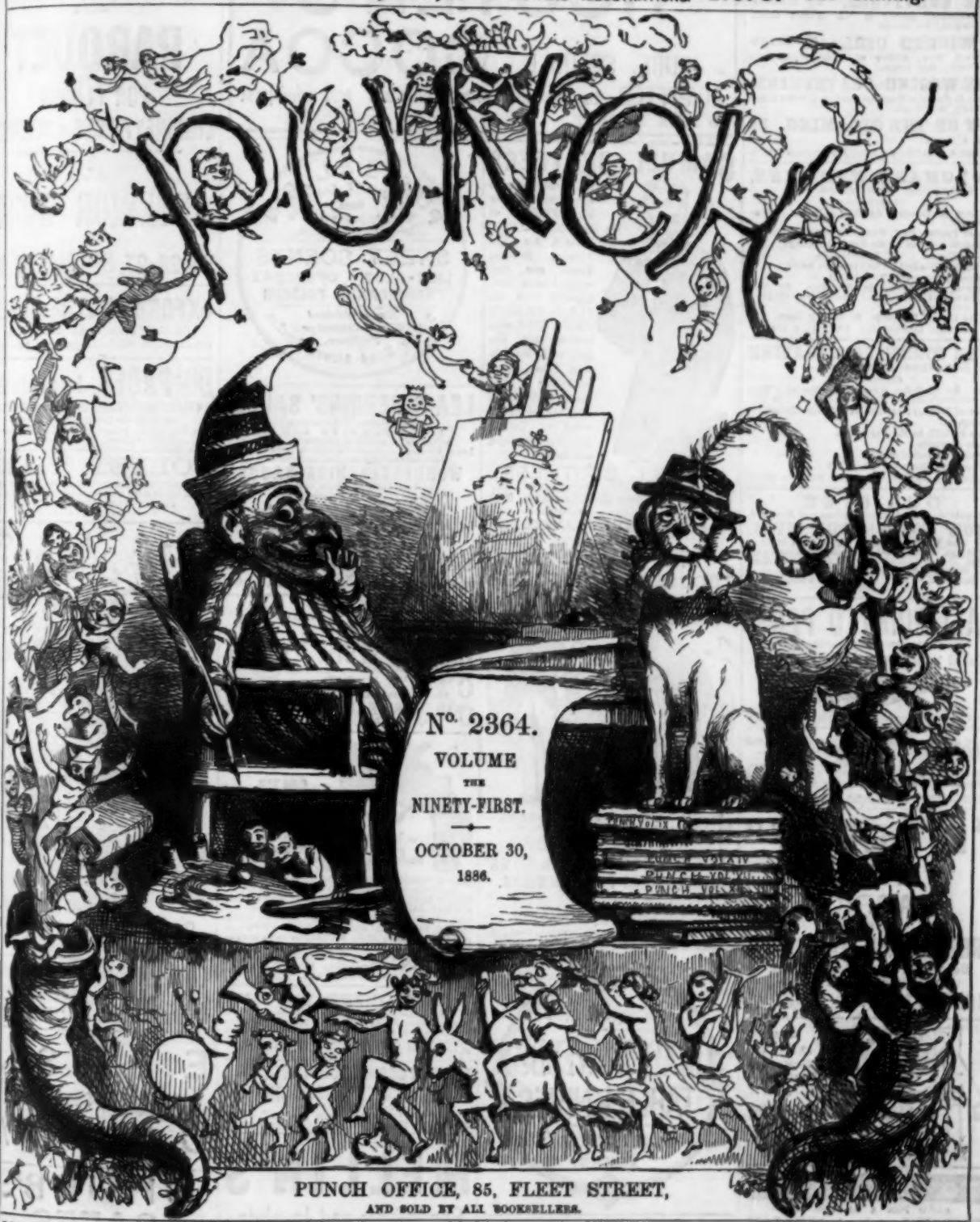

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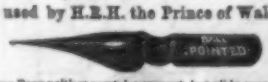

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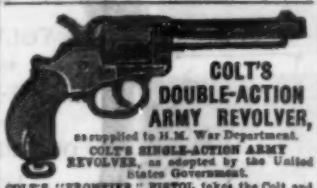

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ROBERT AT COOK'S LITTLE SWARRY.

How wunderfully suckemstances happens sumtimes wen one's a thinking of summut quite different! Going to a hengagement as I had last week at the West End, who shood I meet of all pussons in the wurld but my old frend the Cook of Portland Plaice. Fansy meeting a Cook a taking a wark, and all in her best close too, includin a bran new Bonnet jest like a Briggan's At, and not of a Sunday! I niver was more estonish'd. She cum up to me with that particklar pleasing smile as lovely woman allers wears when she's got a new dress on, and meets a frend as ain't. I felt jest a leetle orkard at fust, remembring the peeculier suckumstances under which we larst parted, but she made no elusion to 'em, excep by saying, "If you 'll promise to behave yerself, we shall be glad to see you to-morrow night at our little Swarry as we're a going to have, as all the fammerly 's out of town."

Of coarse I prommist to go, and go I did, and I don't no wen I've more injoyed myself. We had a puffecly lovely tea, with shrimps and sardeens and marmarlaid and sossidges, quite like the werry hiest Nobillerty, and a little drop of sumthink nice in the larst cup. And then we had a little danse. I danced with Cook, and Tommus the tall horty Footman danced with Arrybeller the Parlor Maid, and our music was one of the werry finest Street Horgans as I hever herd, and played in such a marsterly style as would have delited the Dook of Edenburrow, or any other werry fust-rate Musician. Then we had a little singing. Tommus sang, "*My pretty Jane*," which he gallarntly, for the occashun, turned into "My pretty Arrybeller," at which she amost blusht. Then I sang "*Symon the Cellarman*," and not to be outdone in hommage to the Fare, I substitooted Dame Cooky for *Dame Margery*, but not with werry great sucksess, as Cook said as she thort as old *Symon* was a conceited old fool. However, I made up for it later on by reading to 'em my bran new Romance, which I calls *The Mystery of May Fare*, "by one behind the Seens," which they all declared to be the werry thrillingest, and most exsitingest, and the shortest story of modern times. And as I quite agrees with 'em, I thinks as I shall werry shortly publish it.

We then all set down to Supper, jest a duzzen of us. There would ha' been 13! but Cook made young Buttons the Page set down in the nex room by hisself, witch he only consented to do on condishun of having a hextra pot of plum Jam all to hisself. I was glad to see him sent out. It served him rite for larfing at me and Cook, when we was a dancing. Tommus said in his horty way, that nothink woud have injuiced him to set down 13, as the ony time he ever saw it done, a old gent werry nearly choked hisself with a fish bone! witch of coarse was a warning to all of 'em. Being apealed to as one rather xperiensed in this kind of thing, I told 'em my thrilling story of the ex-Sheriff who went down all the way to Epping Forrest to dine, and being just a little late, the cumpany was all seated, and wen he saw as they was jest 12, and that he woud make 13, he first turned garstly pail, he then turned on his eel, and, without one singel word of apolergy or egscuse, he returned to the place from wence he came, and acshally went without his dinner! All on 'em thort as this was one of them hacts of self-sacrifice as was wurthy to compare with any as they'd ever heard on. The Butler, who is rather a littery man, said as it reminded him of Sur Phillip Sidney's gallant acshun at the Battle of Waterloo.

We coudn't have no more dansing as the Horganist had left and taken the Horkestry with him, so the Butler he brewd us a perfecly lovely Bowl of Punch, and we set round the tabel and told anneckdotes. Sum was of rather a startlin carackter, such as Tommus's tale of the last Darby, how he got the strait tip from the Dook of Westminster's Footman, and betted with a most respectabel looking gent on the course, and won sewen pound ten, which the gent paid him quite honerabel with a ten-pound note, Tommus giving him the difference, and how shortly arterwards he saw the same respectabel gent a being chivied by a mob without no hat, and his coat torn up the back, and all as he was told, because he was a Welshman, and how when he went nex day to git his note changed he found as it was a forgery! He kindly forbore to repeat the langwidge as he used on that ocasion, out of respec, as he said, to the Ladies, but we mite bleeve as how it was rather powerful!

I told 'em too or three staggerers about parst Lord Mares, witch was werry successful, but the wun as pleased the Fare Sects most, was the account of how we takes it by turns at the Manshun Ouse, after ewery Bankwet to which Ladies of Fashun is inwited, to have the fust go round the rooms with a dust-pan and a broom, to sweep up all the Dimons and other jewels as the Ladies has dropt, with sitch results sumtimes as woud estonish 'em all did I dare menshun it, but we was all most sollemly swore to secresy! They tried werry hard to make me brake my wow, but all in wane. So as it was a gitting late the sollem Butler kindly wound up the heavening by perposing my elth as the Gest of the Party, witch he did in sitch flattering turms as amost maid me blush. He said among other things, as I hadded dignerty to my nobel perfession. I trust I replied fittingly, as became my karacter and persition. The Butler told me afterwards that he had seldom heerd sitch a speech, outside the Theatre, which sent me away smiling and appy, for my xperience tells me as we all likes a little bit of flattery, from the werry hiest to the werry lowest, witch must include a good lot on us. Robert.

DIVORCE MADE EASY.

Dear Mr. Punch,

A Writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, dealing with the subject of the Divorce Laws, calmly proposes that in any revision of the code, which he strongly advocates, "women should be placed on the same footing with men." Such a pestilent heresy of course provoked correspondence, and, as I have made a careful study of the subject, I beg to submit to you, Sir, a few reasonable grounds for divorce, which this reformer will, I hope, include in his precious revised code.

A man should be allowed to obtain a divorce from his wife on all or any of the following grounds:—

1. If he sees anyone he likes better than his wife.
2. If his mother-in-law comes too often.
3. If his wife's brother borrows money of him.
4. If she objects to his going to Paris without her.
5. If, knowing that he prefers the tops of the muffins at breakfast, she eats any of them.
6. If she hears him come in at four in the morning, when he has considerately taken off his boots to do so quietly.
7. If she refers to it.
8. If she ever says, "My dear, I think we've heard that story before."
9. If she does not laugh consumedly whenever he tells a comic story.
10. If she objects to smoking.
11. If she is not civil to *all* his male friends.
12. And female ones.

There, Sir, you have a dozen suggestions which I would commend to the attention of this law-reformer. You will observe I have not included any *trivial* reasons for divorce, and the procedure, as the *St. James's Gazette* says, "should be as expeditious and inexpensive as possible."

Yours faithfully,

Turtle-Dove Terrace. A Tender Husband.

A Recent Impostor.—They sucked in Dr. Keating's lies as easily as if they'd been Keating's lozenges.

THE REAL SEA-SERPENT.

An o'ertrue Tale of the Queen's Navee. Admiral Dunderhead, loquitur:—

O goodness, gr-racious, mercy me!
What *is* that spiralling out at sea?
Sea-weed? Nonsense! Bottles? No!
Porpoises gambolling all of a row?
No such luck! Just look at its head!
Gr-r-r! I shiver with horror and dread.
What, no cause for flurry or fear?
Always turns up at this time o' the year?

Admiral Fogey! Admiral Fogey!
Don't be so sceptical. *This* is no bogey.
Look at its phiz, and cease to smile.
Don't I remember it out on the Nile?
No. That is—there 's a likeness—yes,
To Beresford, whom all sailors bless;
But then the *expression!* Makes me pale.
And look at that length of horrible tail!

Pull, man, pull! I am *not* mistaken,
My faith in the Kraken is not to be shaken.
Often laughed at it? Ah! dare say,
But never met it this awful way.
"*What* Charley, Charley?" All very fine,
But genial gammon is not his line.
You may cluck like a frightened hen,
But it will not drive him back to his den.

Pull, boys, pull for the shore, I say,
And try and get out of the Monster's way.
All together, boys! Now for a dash!
Goodness me, how we bucket and splash!
Blogg, at sculling you're not a dab.
Dash it, Boggle, you've caught a crab.
Lord! what nautical toffs are we
To take the rule of the Queen's Navee!
Steady! There, we're all sixes and sevens.
See, he is nearing us! Ah, great heavens!
Look how his coils go wiggley-wobble!
Means to gulp us up at a gobble.
Sure he does by his stony stare,
We'll be bolted. And *who will care?*
Nobody likes us, nobody trusts.
(Oh, I'm bellowsed by these here "busts"!)
Public grumbles, but patiently suffers,
Deems us boobies, bungling old buffers.
(*Not quite sure that the Public's wrong.*)
Thunder! how he is bowling along.
Licks the pace of our fastest cruisers.
Race for life, boys, and we are loosers.
Would he "turn turtle,"—eh, my lads?—
Sink like one of our Ironclads,
Burst to bits all over the place,
Like one of our Guns, and be out of the race;
Or anyway go plump to the bottom,
(Game that our Ships are good at, rot 'em!)
Then perhaps we might have a chance.
Myth? Ah, Boggle, just take a glance,
(Not too long, or 'twill shake your reason.)
That a *canard* of the Silly Season?
No; we have tried it on once too often.
Threats won't frighten him, howls won't soften.
Duncedom's game has at last undone us.
Pull, oh pull, boys!—*By Jove he's on us!!!*
[*Left collapsing.*

FANATICS FLOORED.

Mr. Punch congratulates Dean Bradley on his admirable answer to the three fanatical Protestant-defence Secretaries, who would have forcibly ejected from Westminster Abbey some Roman Catholics who were saying their private prayers around the "strong quadrilateral barrier of bronze," which, as stated by Canon Duckworth, protects the tomb of Edward the Confessor from profane hands.

Mr. Punch heartily wishes that the conduct of English Protestants visiting the Catholic Churches abroad were anything like as inoffensive, and as appropriate to the sacred precincts, as was that of the poor benighted Romanists in Westminster Abbey, who, thinking that the best use to which a church could be put, was to say prayers in it, knelt and prayed accordingly. If a number of Mahommedans with their turbans on and their sandals off, were to kneel down and pray in Cologne Cathedral, or if Mr. McClure, the Protestant-defence Secretaries, and all their contributors, were to visit St. Peter's at Rome on Guy Fawkes' Day, and there say their private prayers, would the beadles interfere with them, or would the Secretary of the Propaganda complain of the scandal, and beg that steps should be taken to prevent its repetition?

After all, the attitude of prayer in a place of worship, be it what it may, is more fitting than talking and laughing loudly, walking about, and using opera-glasses—and all this even during the most solemn public functions—to the great annoyance of the congregation proper, and to the intense scandal of those travelling English who, no matter what their creed, do know how to behave themselves, and who blush for the insolent caddishness of their ill-bred compatriots. No; if Dean *Punch* saw a hundred Arrys, Romans, or Rum'uns, of any sort, praying in Westminster Abbey, would he interfere? No, bless 'em, certainly not. But if he saw one of them sneaking out a pencil to scribble his name on a monument, or attempting to nick a bit out of a shrine, or off a tomb, he'd be down upon him then and there, and have him up before the nearest police-magistrate, charged with "maliciously damaging," and fined heavily for the offence, no matter what his excellent motive might have been for such wanton destruction. And this is what the Dean and Chapter would do, too; for whether it be a fanatic on one side or the other, law and order must not be set aside, in favour of such a rule as "*Omne ignotum pro Fanatico.*"

Street Arab. "Um, what 's the use o' Wacc'natin' them? They never catches nuffin!"

Cavendish College.—The very name suggests if not a royal road to learning, at least some "short cut." A Correspondent signing himself "Rubber," supposes that in the cloisters, instead of the word "Silence" being written up, they'll have "Whist!" inscribed, and that the only "big big D," allowed on the premises will be a "Dummy." In the Common Room there should be a portrait of Cavendish in Hoyle.

An Alternative.—The Social Democratic Federation, in their curious exchange of polite letter-writing with Colonel Sir James Fraser, object to being "saddled" with the responsibility for the mischief which may follow their proposed Lord Mayor Show's Day Demonstration. To avoid this, it would perhaps, on the whole, be better for them to be "bridled" beforehand. Eh, Colonel?

ETON FOOTBALL.

Reported by Dumb Crambo Junior

Obtaining a Rouge.

Ends were Changed.

The "Last" Bully.

Exhibiting a fine Run Down.

Playing Up.

Failed to Lodge, although Kicked behind several times.

Walked with a Bully up and down the Wall.

The Game resulted in a Draw.

HONEYED WORDS.

Mr. Vaughan has been, to say the least of it, putting things rather mildly at Bow Street. A certain Mr. Robert Howard was the other day brought up, and, on the unsupported testimony of a single Constable, locked up, on remand, in Holloway Gaol from the Saturday till the following Monday morning, when several witnesses being forthcoming, all able to swear to the fact that the Constable in question had been committing perjury, the worthy Magistrate discharged the prisoner, whom he admitted had been wrongfully detained in custody. He at the same time took the opportunity of administering the not very crushing rebuke to the Constable by informing him that "if he did not take care he would be getting himself into trouble." It is not easy to fathom the depths of Mr. Vaughan's long-suffering, and to say precisely what constitutes "getting into trouble" from his point of view, but we should have thought, reading the case off-hand, that the Constable referred to had managed something very like it. Taking him at his own standard, we shall expect to find Mr. Vaughan dismissing the wife-jumper with a good-humoured caution to the effect that he "really should be more careful, and take care where he is treading." A little honey is well enough on the Bench, but when every day discloses the gross abuse of justice that arises in cases similar to the one in question, it certainly would have seemed wiser to withhold its administration in this particular instance.

Not "the Man for Galway."—Lord Clanricarde.

"'MULTON' IN PARVO" IN WYCH STREET.

My dear Mr. Punch,

You may remember that when Mr. Nibbs, your esteemed Representative at the Theatres, was exhausted, after a long series of *opéra bouffe*, you sent for me and ordered me to attend the Olympic to see *The Governess*, I raised some objection. I explained to you that I had heard that it was an exceedingly pathetic play, being, indeed, a translation from a French version of *East Lynne*, and that as I was easily—very easily—moved to tears, I would willingly excuse myself from the duty. You then, Sir, informed me that Mr. Nibbs was unnerved in consequence of having received from "the sole lessee," Miss Hawthorne, a scarlet letter of invitation, which had nearly frightened him into fits. Upon this I tried to pass the matter off lightly as a joke, amusingly observing that there was nothing strange in finding the name of Hawthorne to a Scarlet Letter, when you observed that the same idea had occurred to you, but that you had rejected it on the score that "it was too evident, and sure to be thought of and used by somebody else." So I had to submit, and therefore am in the position to tell you all about it.

I must admit that "the note in red" (as no doubt Mr. Whistler would have called the gore-coloured epistle) had its effect upon myself. I felt distinctly "jumpy;" and so, to brace my nerves and secure a hearty laugh, I looked in at the Salon Parisien, where I heard Mr. Jan Van Beers was absolutely rollicking in pictorial waggery. After glancing at two or three comic studies in green flesh-colour and purple hair (possibly the product of the artist having used up all the other pigments on his palette) I came to the now celebrated "sell." I was duly warned by an illuminated notice (resembling "This way to the Boats" you see at night at Southampton and Dover) that I had better not venture unless my nerves were unusually strong, was passed on by a Commissionnaire, who told me "to turn to the right, and walk close to the picture," and found myself before "the skeleton." I fancy that it must have been altered since it was first so graphically described in the pages of the press. There were no peep-holes, but only a roughly-painted anatomical figure, strongly reminding me, in its Christy Minstrel attitude, of "the original bones." I walked forward, there was a tin-kettle crash like the sound of the gong of a French locomotive, and I saw my laughing face, with its nineteenth-century high hat, reflected on a looking-glass that the nigger-bones was carrying instead of a banjo. I never remember witnessing anything more supremely ridiculous, and can only say that should anyone be attracted to the Salon Parisien in the hope of seeing something ghastly in the shape of "*Ecce Homo*," he will assuredly be disappointed. It is what the French call "a 'ombogs" and "a nonsense."

Having thus got myself into a proper frame of mind for the English translation of "*Miss Multon*," I presented myself at the Olympic and was admitted. As I entered, that fine old farce the *Little Rebel* was drawing to a close, but I had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Hubert Byron, an actor whose name is unfamiliar to me. This young gentleman, when he has had a little more experience, (I judge from his reading of the part of *Arthur Turniptop*—I am not quite sure of the surname, but I think it was *Turniptop*) should make a very excellent "Second Murderer," in *Macbeth*.

After the *lever de rideau*, we had the *pièce de résistance* in a prologue and four Acts. Frankly, the play, which as I have already stated, is merely a version of *East Lynne*, is too long. The prologue in which nothing happens, save the giving of a Christmas party by the sister of a doctor, who has nothing whatever to do with the plot, to the poor children of the neighbourhood, might come out *en bloc*. The subtle suggestion that the sister is at heart a miserly "screw" by making the Christmas-tree the feature of an otherwise rather dismal entertainment, a three and sixpenny one, (toys extra, two shillings) is not worth the expenditure of time the elucidation entails. The four Acts might be halved, and the piece played in two Scenes, so far as the story is concerned. But other alterations would be advisable. There are but three men in the cast, and all of them are profoundly unsympathetic, and two of them absolutely unnecessary. The crazy Doctor, who appears in the prologue and last Act, might be carted off with his sister, and a doddering old tutor, whose costumes puzzled the audience by their eccentricity (in one Act he wore the attire of a Beau Nash, and in the next the garb of a Methodist parson) might also disappear, as all he has to say and do, might be said and done by a ladies'-maid.

Without these two superfluities, the male element of the play would be reduced to one, the husband, and I am not at all sure, as the part is profoundly unsympathetic, it could not be omitted and the lines given to someone else. The male characters having thus been all cut out, I really think a reduction might be made in the females. The Doctor has a maid who of course would disappear with his *ménage*. The husband has a second wife, who in his absence would be *de trop*. With the disappearance of this lady, naturally her maid would vanish. The cast would be now reduced to *Miss Multon* and her two children. Well, as the last two are played, infants on the stage are invariably a nuisance, and can always be eliminated with advantage. Her children gone, there is no *raison d'être* for the mother, and she might follow them. The title of the piece, "*The Governess*," would now alone be left—it is not a good one, and its loss would be a positive gain. These suggestions, if heartily carried out, no doubt would alter the character of the piece at the Olympic very considerably. Still, in the interests of all concerned, I cannot help heartily recommending their adoption, the more especially as Miss Hawthorne is a graceful actress, and worthy of better things.

Charles—your Friend.

"The Guinness' Stamp."—In the City this week "Bulling" has not been "in it" with Baring. Everyone was rushing with sovereigns to buy Guinness.

POET GOSSE AND THE "QUARTERLY."

"Review has vied with review in fulsome and indiscriminating eulogy. . . . The men who write bad books are the men who criticise them," *&c.*—"*Quarterly Review*," *October, on Gosse.*

"Of late I have been accused from several anonymous quarters of the vile and secret arts of mutual puffery."—*Gosse on the "Quarterly Review." "Times," October.*

Quarterly pay was dear to man
Since or ever the world began.
Chances vanish, and ventures cross,
Even sometimes for bards like Gosse.
Since or ever the world began
Quarterly pay was dear to man.

But there 's a something in quarterly pay
Which doesn't please all men alway!
Less than half-truth is a *quarter-lie*,
Bound to be found out by-and-by;
Since or ever the world began,
Quarterly pay has been strict with man.

Play straight and honest—for, if you don't,
The public meed 'tis receive you won't.
The mutual arts of puff and praise,
Even in these degenerate days,
Sink at last in the scorn they raise;
Since or ever the world began,
Quarterly pay has been straight with man.

Biographies potted of lives thrice told—
Resurrections of names of old—
Shakspeares, Popes, and the great who rest
Safe upon honour's scathless breast—
Plumes for the poetaster's crest!
But the buried great laugh at little man,
Since or ever the world began.

Quarterly one—so do the story tell—
Made a mistake, and far too well!
Killing from unkind strange conceits,
All the life out of Poet Keats—
History vainly herself repeats—
Quarterlies all were all at a loss,
To take the shine out of Poet Gosse.

Poet Dobson shall claim on high
From Poet Gosse immortality!
And Poet Dobson shall shed the same,
No doubt, upon Poet Gosse's name,—
While a weak world wonders whence they came,
And never a weakling dares deny
(For there 's no such thing as puffery)
To each his immortality!
Yet *Quarterlies* dare to say, for once,
That dunce's works are reviewed by dunce.

Shocking! Anonymous donkeys speak
Donkey's dislike of a cultured clique—
"Fudge," by Goldsmith; but now called "cheek"—
Yet since or ever the world began,
Quarterly reckoning 's good for man.

Misnomer.—The Skinners' Company have offered to sell their 35,000 acres in County Londonderry a real bargain, forgiving all sins of omission to pay rent in the past and present. A Guild that behaves so liberally forfeits all claim to the title of "Skinners."

Out and In.—It was shown, in the course of the Election Petition Trial, that Mr. Lewis hadn't a leg to stand upon; and now, being ousted, he can't even sit. Awkward position! *Mr. Punch* congratulates Mr. Justin M'Carthy as being the only one Just-in for Londonderry.

New Name for the Commissioner of City Police.—*The Polite Phraser.*

A LAST IDEA ABOUT "HAMLET."

Pas de Deux. Hamlet and Ophelia. Tableau.

We have had it presented in all sorts of ways, with and without scenic effects, new ghosts and old ghosts, dark-haired and light-haired *Hamlets*, and it has also been done into an Opera. But why not as a Ballet? All the soliloquies could be *pas seuls*, the great scene between *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* could be a *pas de deux*, and what; varieties of eccentric steps there might be in *Ophelia's* mad dance and exit! Then what opportunities are offered by a comic boorish dance of gravediggers! As for the play within a play, that could be a pantomime. The Empire has not hitherto been a lucky theatre, but if it is to open again with an entertainment similar to that given at the Eden Theatre, the management might do worse than adopt this suggestion. It will not be difficult to find learned commentators to start the question whether there is not strong internal evidence pointing to the fact that *Hamlet* was originally intended by Shakspeare for a ballet. A few scraps of *scenario* or *charpente*, would be sufficient warrant for the theory.

Pas Seul. *Hamlet*, "To be, or not to be?"

Pas de la Folie. Ophelia. Mad Scene.

Old English Clowns. Dance of Gravediggers in Hamlet. Act V., Sc. 1.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Host. "Will you take in my Mother-in-Law, Major? She always goes in with a Stick, you know.

A SUGGESTION FOR A "NEW DEPARTURE."

Mr. Punch, loquitur:—

What, *you* left behind? This is really too bad,
When everyone else is globe-trotting and touring.
Come! why loaf around in this fashion, my lad?
It's wrong, it's improper, it's past all enduring.
The Last Rose of Summer left blooming alone,
Was not half so sad, so pathetic a notion.
Your ancient companions have scuttled and gone,
To fly o'er the land or to sail o'er the ocean.
And you, the flock's fatling, the popular pet,
The true model boy, the Academy's darling,
Left mooning and munching in solitude yet,
No sound but the shindy of Irishmen snarling
And Socialists snapping your bosom to cheer?
It's really distressing, it moves one to pity.
With no one to lend you a "hand" or an ear,
What use to be wise and what good to be witty?
You can't go on cutting good jokes on yourself,
Your soul on your own careful epigrams nourishing.
Why should you pine, left alone on the shelf,
Whilst inferior rivals are flitting and flourishing?
There's "Spencer," who's keeping all Europe agog,
While nobody mentions your name—an ill omen!
Then Joseph and Jesse have fled from the fog;
The newspapers teem, Sir, with Chamberlain's *nomen*.
That cannot be right, or, at least, if it is,
You ought to be heard of from Finland to Florence.
You'll soon be ignored, save by quidnunc or quiz,
A fate which, of course, you must view with abhorrence.
Why, why should you keep up a modest *incog.*,
Or why in the *Times* and a teacup your nose bury,
Whilst Specials the footsteps of Chamberlain dog,
And the East's all agog for the advent of Rosebery?
Hartington even they say's on the wing.
It's clearly the fashion for Statesmen to travel;
Can you not devise some adventurous thing
That all competition will distance and gravel?
Come, what do you say to a turn in Cathay,
Or a sweet little trip up the wild Irrawaddy?
Of course we shall miss you, but, once in a way,
A year without you will not kill anybody.
Of home-keeping youths and their wits you're aware
What our Shakspeare has said; you could hardly be homely
But even an engine-turned wit needs repair.
Come, come, do not loaf, 'tis not seemly or comely.
Do get away somewhere, your mind to improve.
Old age may excuse the great Hermit of Hawarden,
But you're a mere boy, and should be on the move,
Not loiter and munch like a snail in a garden.
Your fellows all over the world are a-wing,
And nobody wishes to hinder or flout them;
Their absence at least does one excellent thing—
It shows that the Country *can* jog on without them.

"Our Poor Little Army."

There is much talk just now about a more or less apocryphal "Army Corps." What the Public begin to doubt is, whether this Corps should not be spelt *with an e*, seeing that it is represented to be the sort of inert, immobile thing, that—to adapt the obsolete old boast—can go nowhere, and do nothing. An Army which is but a corpse would be a fitting complement of battalions which are but "skeletons."

"What of the Night?"

Numerous star-gazing Correspondents have respectfully pointed out to *Mr. Punch* that, in his last week's Cartoon,

Ursa Major, as all must see,
Has got his head where his tail should be.

"Quite so," courteously replies *Mr. Punch*. "This position indicates Russia's Reverse in Bulgaria."

A SUGGESTION FOR A "NEW DEPARTURE."

Mr. Punch. "NOW, LOOK HERE, MASTER HARCOURT. THERE'S MASTER CHAMBERLAIN OFF TO CONSTANTINOPLE, AND MASTER 'SPENCER'S' BEEN TO BERLIN AND BACK, AND HARTINGTON'S GOING TO INDIA, SO'S ROSEBERY, AND HERBERT GLADSTONE'S GONE—AND NOW—WHY DON'T *YOU* GO SOMEWHERE, AND IMPROVE YOUR MIND?"

MEMBERS WE HAVE MISSED.

Still have a few more sketches of Members in the last Parliament who did not find a seat in the present one. Here is Mr. Strong (1) who sat for North Camberwell in the brief Parliament of last year, when he beat Wilfrid Blunt by a small majority. Though a Vestryman and a Poor-Law Guardian, he was a man of pleasant humour. "You may be Blunt," he said to Wilfrid when they met at the nomination, "but I am Strong." Blunt did not forget this sparkling *jeu d'esprit*, and when the subject of this memoir disappeared at the last General Election, he wrote to say, "Yes, but you were not Strong enough to keep the seat." It is a pity he is gone, for a better listener the dinner-hour did not produce. Conservative Members, not sure of an audience, always tried to plant themselves immediately opposite Mr. Strong. His clasped hands, his flowing beard, his engrossed attitude of attention, and his benevolent brow were always equal to a quorum.

(1)

Mr. Gilbert Beith (2) was one of those flowers cut off by early doom which strewed the pathway of the last General Election. Elected for Central Glasgow late in 1885, he was defeated as early as possible in 1886. Though quite a youngster in the House of Commons, he was an Elder in the Free Kirk of Scotland. He took the pleasures of House of Commons life sadly; and as he sat on the otherwise empty bench, and listened to Sir George Campbell or Sir George Balfour, there was in his countenance a sort of prescience of coming doom.

Mr. Thorold Rogers (3) is missed perhaps more especially in the Smoking-Room and on the Terrace, where, on summer evenings, he was wont to give a classic tone to conversation. In the House, Mr. Rogers could take snuff against Mr. Warton, and, if need be, shout him down. Yet note the ingratitude of the Liberal leaders. Mr. Warton, fallen into disrepute with the electorate, is handsomely provided for in distant Australia. Mr. Thorold Rogers is left to look out for himself, a task not congenial to a man of retiring habits.

(2)

(3)

Sir Robert Peel (4) is another interesting Member for whom it might reasonably be expected an appreciative Party, having the opportunity, would do something handsome. If Mr. Warton was to be made Attorney-General for Western Australia, why should not Sir Robert Peel be made Governor of the Bahamas, or some other dependency with a sonorous name? The record of Pope Hennessey would be made of no account in comparison with what the Right Hon. Baronet would within twelve months do in such a position. But, as everyone knows, Sir Robert Peel at a critical moment capriciously put himself out of court. Weary of the growing monotony of Conservative allegiance, he went wrong on the Home-Rule question at the General Election, and has probably closed a chequered political career.

Below (5) is Mr. Goschen, a warning to politicians for all time. A man of conspicuous ability, with curious strata of Liberalism running through a geological foundation of Toryism, he has remained a puzzle to himself and a tribulation to his friends. Endeavouring with undoubtedly honest purpose to walk on both sides of the political road, he stands forlornly left in the middle.

(4)

And last of all (6) is Sir George Trevelyan whose temporary retirement is the most effective single blow the new House has received. Sir George maintained in conspicuous degree all the highest traditions of the House of Commons. "Though an Irish Secretary," as he once said, standing at bay before a pack of Parnellites, he is an English gentleman. From that altitude he never descended. Courtly, cultured, chivalrous, the essence of honesty, the soul of honour, George Trevelyan has left a blank in the House of Commons which no other man can fill. But he will come back again, when he has finished his book.

(5)

(6)

Important to Theatrical Managers.—The *Times* of last Saturday, in a leader on the Recreative Evening School Association, said:—"There are Theatres and Music Halls, and a score of diversions, some innocent, some very much the contrary, but none of them improving." What does Mr. Henry Irving say to this? His answer would probably be, that if *Faust* be not "improving," he should very much like to know what is? To which Mr. Bram Stoker, his Treasurer, would at once reply, "Business." Whereunto the Manager's rejoinder would naturally be, "Business is so good that I did not think it could be "improving." "What!" Wilson Barrett will exclaim, "such a piece as *Clito* not 'improving' to the young idea!" and then casting up his accounts—and his eyes—he will groan "How long! How long!" By the way, how long is he going to stop in America? He had better return quickly, and wipe out this reproach by the production of an improving play for the benefit of the Recreative Evening School Association.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

The Squire. "Well, Mould, how about that Horse I sold you? Was he quiet enough?"

Undertaker. "Well, Sir, he *did* give us a little trouble at first. We put him in one of the Mourning Coaches, you know; and Parties don't like to be shook up in their grief. But we've put him in the *'Earse* now—and we hav'nt 'eard any Complaints so far!"

IN THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

In consequence of the recent agitation on the subject of the linguistic deficiencies of officials occupying prominent and important positions in Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, the following paper and questions, has, it is rumoured, been issued by the Authorities in the Foreign Office, for distribution at all the leading Embassies and Legations in Europe:—

1. How many European languages can you speak? If none, describe the process of your learning French at Eton, and say whether you are sufficiently master of it to translate an ordinary dinner-table *menu*, travel from London to Paris, lunching at Amiens on the way, and furnishing the *cocher* on your arrival, correctly with the name of your *hôtel*.

2. Given the situation, that you are suddenly dispatched on a mission to Central Europe, where you have to meet a Roumanian delegate who can only speak indifferent German, which you do not understand, and to whom you have to explain the provisions of a new commercial treaty, dealing with the importation of potatoes on a reduced scale of duty, in such scraps of French as you can command,—explain by what process of resort to hieroglyphics, or the language of the deaf and dumb, you can discuss with him the matter in question, and arrive ultimately at its satisfactory solution.

3. If appointed to an Italian legation, do you think you could turn your acquaintance with the *libretti* of the various Operas you may have heard from time to time at Covent Garden, to account? Do you see your way to working in any of the conversation between, for instance, *Don Giovanni* and the *Commendatore*, into a delicate but concise discussion of the present Italian position at Massowah?

4. The following passage occurs in a letter, in French, addressed recently by a high British Official in Eastern Europe to the representative of the Czar, whom he was deputed to meet. Correct, and indicate where it errs from a too familiar and unconventional disregard of the foreign idiom:—

"Pourquoi il faut que je pointé out a votre Excellence que le Government de sa Majesté n'est pas a etre hoodwinké si facilement dans la maniere que vous suppose. Il me semble que M. le General Kaulbars a joué la bas une game tout a fait de son own, et dans son attempt to stifler l'expression du public opinion de la pays, et de hindrer au tant que possible le meeting de le Sobranje, il a got hold of tout entirement, le wrong bag of tricks. Pour cette raison quoi que le Government de sa Majesté n'a pas la moins d'idée d'interferer dans cette galère la il a consideré the-right-sort-of-thing-to-do, vous savez, de faire savoir votre Excellence dans la maniere le plus absolue que son visage est set resolutement against telles dodges et machinations, qu'il regard comme beneath le dignité et principle d'un civilised Government European."

5. If appointed to a diplomatic post in Russia, mention, if you can, any peculiar qualifications you possess calculated to fit you specially for it. Have you ever resided in St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater? and can you describe a *Samovar*? Is that the way to spell it? Have you ever heard of Pushkin? Analyse and explain the terminations "offsky" and "insky," give a literal translation of "Alexandro-Petro-Paulo-vicks," and say whether you like caviare? Show how your ability to answer the above would indicate your capacity to deal with a settlement of complications arising out of some unexpected hitch in the progress of pending negotiations in connection with the Central Asian Question.

"PLEASE TO FORGET THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER."

Mr. H. W. Lee, Secretary to the Social Democratic Federation, having declined on behalf of the Association of which he is an officer, Sir James Fraser's polite invitation to remain absent from the Lord Mayor's Show, the following additional "features" will no doubt figure in the Procession:—

Guards (Black) to clear the way.

Swell Mob. Members of the Long Firm, in their Carriages. Swell Mob.

Banner of Jonathan Wild. Banner of Claude du Val.

"Confidence Tricksters," two and two.

Mr. Jeremiah Diddler, in his State Chariot.

Banner of Fagin, the Jew. Banner of the Artful Dodger.

Pickpockets, two and two.

Swell Mob. Mr. William Sikes, Swell Mob.

accompanied by his dog (muzzled).

Banner of Calcraft. Banner of Jack Ketch.

Burglars. Housebreakers.

Procession of Prison Vans.

Band of the City Police.

The City Gaoler.

Warders from the House of Correction.

Swell Mob. The Dishonourable, the "De'il may care," Swell Mob.

accompanied by the Governor of the Gaol and his Chaplain. Escort of Mounted Police.

Guards (Black) to keep the way clear.

The route of this part of the Procession is expected to visit the Police Courts in Marlborough Street, Worship Street, and Bow Street, *en route* for the Old Bailey.

Rule and Scale.

Measure for measure! We're nearing Yule,
The League may win, or the League may fail;
But they who fain would avoid Home Rule
Might try Lord Tollemache's Sliding Scale!

"Bless You! You Know what I Mean."—The *Standard*, in a leader on sport, containing so much sound advice that young athletes would do well to follow this leader, said:—

"Advertisements of foot-race meetings frequently announce that so-and-so 'will start from scratch, and endeavour to beat record;' or a cyclist starts on a long ride with the same object in view, and 'pace-makers' are provided to lead him in turn, so that he shall not listen to the demands of Nature and slacken his speed."

"Pace-maker," sounds like the Irish for "Peace-maker," but to speak of him as "that blessed Pace-maker," would rightly imply the reverse of a benison.

Jubilee Suggestions.—"If a Church House be indispensable," observed *Mr. Punch*, "purchase the Crystal Palace. Splendid site." "Excellent," replied Lord Randolph; "because this would show that the Clergy gave in their adhesion to a Church Hill."

ARCHBISHOP PUNCH'S JUBILEE SUCCESTION; OR, A "QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOUNTY" VERSUS A "CHURCH HOUSE."

SEE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP HOLDS THE GOULDEN DISH UP,
FOR TO RESAVE HER BOUNTY AND GREAT WEALTH,
SAYING, "PLAZE YER GLORY, GREAT QUEEN VIC-TORY,
GIVE YOUR *POOR CLARGY* MEANS TO DRINK YOUR HEALTH!"

Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation, 1838, *slightly altered from "Ingoldsby."*

OUT OF SITE.

THE question asked at the close of last Session in the House by Mr. W. G. C. BENTINCK, as to the possibility of finding a better site for the effigy of JAMES THE SECOND, at present standing behind Whitehall Chapel, having created a considerable stir among the other London Statues, a midnight meeting, which was numerously attended, was held last night in the immediate neighbourhood of Palace Yard, for the purpose of bringing the matter under discussion.

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION having been unanimously voted into the Chair, said he thought, in opening the proceedings, he need not dwell on what had brought them together. They were all well aware of the facts. Some improvements in the neighbourhood of Whitehall had raised the question of moving his respected descendant, JAMES THE SECOND. (*Laughter.*) It appeared that GRINLING GIBBONS, who, he believed, was responsible for him—("*Hear!*")—had invested him with considerable artistic merit, and that it was proposed, in consequence, to place him on a more conspicuous site. The question was, where could that site be found? There was room by him further along Abingdon Street, but perhaps GRINLING GIBBONS's masterpiece thought it too retired, and would prefer some crowded spot on an omnibus route. However, he merely threw that out as a suggestion, and he would leave the meeting to discuss it.

CHARLES THE FIRST, of Charing Cross, said he could not endorse the Chairman's suggestion at all. He spoke well within knowledge of his subject when he said that no worse site could be found for a statue than in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare. Look at his case. More than half the omnibuses in London passed and repassed him all the day long; but though he possessed great artistic merits, not a soul ever stopped to examine him. (*Loud laughter.*) They might laugh, but it was a fact. His *beau idéal* of a site was a London Square.

CHARLES THE SECOND, rose to remonstrate. He said he was sorry to have to contradict his Royal father, but he begged to assure him that, if he had had his experience, he would never entertain such an unconscionable notion for a moment. He had for years been stuck in the very Central Square of Soho, and a more miserable site he could not conceive. It was not only as dull as ditchwater—(*Laughter*)—but he didn't believe even the occupants of the adjacent houses knew who on earth he was. (*Laughter.*) Indeed he confidently believed if you were to ask any of Messrs. CROSSE AND BLACKWELL's carmen his name, they would probably tell you he was Duke of Oxford Street.

The Duke of BEDFORD, of Russell Square, said he fully endorsed the verdict of the last speaker. Here was he, famous in his day, yet he would be bound that the local Milkman did not know him from Fox in Bloomsbury Square hard by. ("*Shame!*") He only wished he could get somebody to move him. He would soon be on the Embankment.

Here SIR J. OUTRAM and Mr. BRUNEL both rose to protest, the latter hotly insisting that for all intents and purposes of being properly displayed, he might as well be stuck up on Blackheath——

Dr. JENNER (*interrupting in a melancholy voice*).—or in Kensington Gardens. (*Roars of Laughter.*)

JAMES THE SECOND then rose. He said that while sympathising with the last speaker, who certainly was located in a very out-of-the-way situation—(*Laughter*)—he had at least one advantage over him. He had not been dragged up before Parliament to be abused by a beggarly Member. (*Cheers.*) He spoke with some warmth, but he had been referred to as "having been removed from his throne for misconduct." ("*Shame!*" "*So you were!*" *Uproar.*) He was not to be put down by clamour, and he would like to ask honourable Members where they got their history from?

WILLIAM THE THIRD—From MACAULAY. (*Laughter.*) However, he had nothing to say on the subject. He was snug enough in St. James's Square, where he thought, by the way, the public generally took him for his illustrious predecessor. (*Laughter.*) But he didn't care.

The Duke of YORK said he thought it did not matter where a London Statue was placed. They had all somehow got a bad name. ("*Oh! oh!*") Personally, he was very glad to be perched up on his birdcage, well out of sight, where nobody could examine his points. He thought Mr. PLUNKET had better let JAMES THE SECOND alone.

The discussion was then warmly continued, several Statues from the remoter London Squares taking part in it, and some two or three sites were in turn suggested, a preference being shown for one in Shaftesbury Avenue. Daylight, however, breaking, the Chairman suddenly withdrew, and the meeting separated ultimately without arriving at any definite decision of the matter under discussion.

THIS advertisement in the *Daily News* of October 22 is worth recording:—

CROYDON HIGH SCHOOL.—The SECOND MEETING of OLD GIRLS will be held at the above on the 9th November, at 4 o'clock, to further Organise the Association of Old Croydonians. All Old Girls invited.

It ought to have been headed, "Great Attractions!" What a crowd of outsiders there will be! The 5th, perhaps, would have been better than the 9th. And it might have appropriately finished up with, "No Followers."

ATHENIAN ANTIQUITIES.—Among the various "movements" to which people are invited to contribute money, one now on foot under exalted auspices, is a motion for the establishment at Athens of a British School of Archæology. Very good; but doesn't transferring Archæology to Athens very much resemble carrying coals to Newcastle?

MR. PUNCH'S NEW ORDER.

The interesting account in a recent *Times* number, of the visits of the good Queen of Greece to the various charitable institutions in Paris, and notably to the House of the Little Sisters of the Poor, recalls to *Mr. Punch's* recollection, how many years ago the author of a certain work entitled *Happy Thought Hall*, offered a suggestion for the establishment of a Social Confraternity to be entitled *The Little Brothers of the Rich*. Their head-quarters were to be in a central position in London, and the Superior was to send out every month a list of the Little Brothers whose kindly services were at the disposition of all those who could afford them, whether in or out of the Season.

Lecture to the Brethren.

The development of the telephone has rendered this idea still more practicable, as within half an hour a Little Brother could be summoned in any case of urgent necessity from the Central House to an outlying district, or from one of the suburban establishments to a fashionable quarter.

"*The Emergency Brothers*" who would always be ready at their posts, could be available for any such cases of real distress as, for example,—a hostess suddenly finding there were thirteen at dinner. She could at once wire to the Central House for the sort of Little Brother she required, "to make the fourteenth at a scientific or musical, or theatrical, or serious, or aristocratic, or ecclesiastical, or mixed dinner-party." Or again, supposing a hostess had asked everyone to dinner and supper afterwards, to meet Mr. Corney Grain, and that at the last moment a note of apology arrives, but Mr. Grain doesn't—("unavoidably detained"—"circumstances over which"—"loss of voice," &c., &c.)—the hostess need not despair, but being a subscriber to the Order she wires off, or sends her brougham (brougham preferred) to the Central House, and back it comes with as good a substitute for the great original (made up not unlike him too, if time permits) as can possibly be obtained.

Indigent sons of poor but noble families will belong to it. A hostess requiring an aristocratic Little Brother, foreign or English, from a Duke to a Baronet, has only to send and say the sort of Little Brother she requires, and he will be at her house with his star and garter, or blue sash, or bit of riband, or whatever it may be, and capable of making as good a display of himself as the highest in the land.

There would be Little Brothers for show only, without any conversation: then there would be Little Brothers with a perfect flow of conversation. Little Brothers who are model *raconteurs* and full of anecdote; others who can back their opinions in sporting matters, and who have the history of the turf at their fingers' ends. All the expenses of Little Betting Brothers, Little Card-playing Brothers, Little Billiard Brothers, and of Sporting Brothers generally, will be borne by the host or hostess hiring them, who shall have previously stated the limit to which they are prepared to go, and who shall undertake to give fifteen per cent. of all winnings to the successful Little Brother, who will have to hand over five per cent. to the Superior for the good of the Order.

Little Brothers come to fill up Vacancies.

Wedding parties supplied with Little Brothers (of agreeable appearance and distinguished manners) as Best Men, Near Connections, Distant Relations, also as the comic after-breakfast Speaker, or sentimental Friend of the Family, to propose Bride's health.

It will be seen from this slight sketch of an idea (originated years ago in the work we have already mentioned) which *Mr. Punch* is prepared to develope, and in due course to lay its further details before the public, that this new Order, without any sort of exception or compromise which would be fatal to its existence, is essentially *The Little Brothers of the Rich*.

The Old Mistake.—The Amateur Actors of London, it seems, have now a "press organ" of their very own. It is called *Ourselves*. Why not go the entire animal, and call it *Our Noble Selves?* These Amateur Actors have only one fault. They are too modest.

New Sensational Romance.—"*The Curious Case of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Spencer.*"

"MARIE-ROZE, THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE."

Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 5.

"Pleased as Punch."

Well, that isn't exactly the line, but it is "Rose mary, that's for remembrance," and Shakspeare, who was as much for this age as his own, would, had he been alive now, certainly have written the line, on this occasion, as *Mr. Punch* has given it above. With this explanation, *Mr. Punch* forthwith sends his heartiest congratulations to Madame Marie-Roze on her success as *Elsa* in *Lohengrin*, at Sheffield,—a full account of the performance having been forwarded to him by his old friend "Brooks of Sheffield,"—and on the enthusiastic ovation which the operatic Rose, in full bloom all the year round, received at Leeds. *Mr. Punch* has not yet heard the fair singer as *Elsa*, but he has heard her in almost everything Else, Sir. He awaits her return to town with feverish anxiety, and, once again quoting the immortal and ever-adaptable Bard, he exclaims, "Marie, come up!"

A RENT IN THE CLOUDS.

The following additional Clauses to the "Plan of Campaign,"—advocated by the Irish National League, are, we believe, on the point of being promulgated:—

1. An evicted tenant shall be at liberty to live in the cottage of another evicted tenant, as the latter will have no further use for it.
2. An evicted tenant shall live upon the profits of the farm from which he has been driven out, instead of giving it as heretofore to his landlord.
3. The tenants of an estate having decided to pay no rent to a landlord, shall bring it to his agent when he is not at home and offer it to him.
4. If the agent not at home refuses to accept this offer, then the money thus brought shall be paid into the hands of the Committee, who shall be at liberty to apply it in payment of the rent of those tenants who have no rent to pay.
5. A tenant who has satisfied himself that he ought to pay nothing to his landlord, shall, if already destitute, pay it to the Committee instead, so that it might be held in trust for the support of himself, his wife, and their poor orphan children.
6. In the event of a landlord, or his agent, breaking any of the above rules, whether they apply to them or whether they do not apply to them, then no tenant shall allow such landlord, or his agent, to speak or to listen to them, unless the said landlord, or his agent, happens to be deaf and dumb, when the affliction they are suffering shall be considered to be sufficient punishment for their offence.
7. None of the above regulations, orders, and restrictions shall of course be construed to apply to the pigs.

"QUI S'EXCUSE."

The recent profusely apologetic explanation volunteered by the Sultan in excuse for his inability to pay his respects to the Duke of Edinburgh, owing to the fact of his "not being able to get on his coat," has led to the publication of the following diplomatic tariff, that may be found useful to exalted personages who are contemplating a passing visit to the Sublime Porte:—

Not being "at home" to a friendly early call.	Practically invisible, owing to being temporarily dressed in slippers and coloured dressing-gown.
Neglecting to return same.	Mislaying gloves and walking-stick.
Being "out" to formal afternoon call.	Having nothing fit to appear in owing to disappointment on the part of tailor in not sending home new things.
Postponement of grand official banquet.	Waiting arrival of new evening-dress boots.
Not coming round to see distinguished guest previous to his departure.	Inability to borrow an ulster and an umbrella from the grand Vizier or some other member of the household.

Many hard things have been said about Mr. Gosse. Perhaps the *Liverpool Post* excels all by its brief yet comprehensive announcement—"Mr. Gosse promises a complete answer to the attacks of the *Quarterly Review*."

☞ TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

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